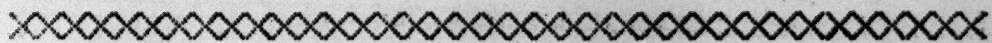


A
S P E C I M E N
O F
E L E G I A C P O E T R Y.



[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

4

XX

THE PRINCIPLES

OF

ELEGANT POETRY.

XX

[UNRECOGNIZABLE]

11630. e. 12
8

R. Boyce

A

S P E C I M E N
O F
E L E G I A C P O E T R Y.

Incipit et dubitat : scribit, damnatque tabellas :

Et notat et delet : mutat, culpatque probatque.

OVID.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIII.

ST. PETER'S
ADVERTISING

THESE TWO BOOKS ARE
ELIOT'S POETRY.

And, published in the same

—The volume of the Poet's

London, 1881. The

It is not a book; it is a

of the Poet's

of the Poet's

of the Poet's

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THESE two Poems are selected, merely as being the most correct, from a small number written in the same manner. —The opinion of the Publick upon this Specimen will best inform the Author whether the others merit any further trouble or attention.

THO. BOYCE.

THESE two Poems are selected, more
being the most correct, from a
small number written in the same manner.
—The opinion of the Publick upon this
Specimen will best inform the Author
whether the others merit any further trouble
or attention.

THO. BOYCE.

ELEGIAC I.
ON THE
DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

Sunt quoque qui lachrymas continuisse negant.

OVID.

CHLOE, mark the milk-white Fawn,
Tripping o'er the verdant lawn,
How with many a graceful bound,
Gay she frisks and frolics round,

Seeming

Seeming to her Mates to say,
Sportive Sisters, come and play—
Ah me! She drops, she bleeds, she dies.
The fearful Herd in terror flies.
Inhuman Archer!—view thy Prey—
Horror!—how stern he stalks away!
'Tis Death himself who twang'd the bow,
And laid the blooming HEBE low.
Than the milk-white Fawn more fair,
Fresher than the morning Air,
Blither than the feather'd Spray,
HEBE hail'd the jocund Day:

The

The setting Sun, with dewy eye,
Breathless beheld pale Beauty lie.

Ye Nymphs of Henham's fragrant
bow'rs,

Who led in dance the laughing Hours,
Beneath the various-blossom'd shade,
Full many a wild freak have you play'd;
How wary lest some curious eye
Your blameless pastimes should espy!
Unmindful of the fatal Foe,
Who ceaseless meditates his blow.

The Poet's eye, perchance too bold,
Did oft your flowery sports behold;
And ah! immortal as you seem'd,
E'en so the raptur'd Poet deem'd;
Who early charm'd with antient song,
Sported with Nymphs to whom belong
Unfading Beauty, endless Youth,
And Fiction still mistook for Truth.
Ye Fables false, and Legends vain,
No more delude my troubled brain:
Had Immortality been giv'n
To aught existing under Heav'n,

ELEGIAC I.

II

Fate had not Here the Boon denied,
Nor had the blooming Hebe died.

Here stole a Sigh from Chloe's breast,
And hardly was the Tear supprest :
With faltering voice, the plaintive Swain
Resum'd and ended thus his strain.

Yet, mighty Monarch, yet thus low
Before thy ebon Throne I bow :
There lives a Nymph so wond'rous fair,
Of Grace and Virtue passing rare,

So

So gentle that the timid Lamb
Will straggle from its bleating Dam,
To court her smiles,—and skip and play,
Regardless of the smiles of May ;—
Look not on Her ;—so stern thine Eye,
That by a Look the Nymph would die.

before the had completed the twentieth

1947

SOPH. TRACH.

~~~~~



THE unfortunate Subject of this Poem was the natural Daughter of a Field Officer who fell in the course of the late War. She was bred up in an obscure Village in the County of Suffolk ; in which situation, before she had completed the seventeenth year of her age, she fell a Sacrifice to the arts of a Villain, who quickly abandoned her.—Unable to support the grief and shame of her condition, with her own hands she put a period to her life.

ELEGIAC II.

**S**WEET Flower, in humble hedge-row  
born,

And nurs't beneath the rugged Thorn,

Content in this neglected soil,

If Phoebus sometimes deign to smile,

When opening to the genial ray,

Thy sober charms approach the Day;

May Heav'n forefend each biting blast,

Nor rudely be thou cropt at last !

---

To hail the Violet as it blows,  
Is sure no treason to the Rose.

Ah lovely Rose, the garden's pride!  
Awhile thy blushing beauties hide;  
In sorrow bow thy blooming head,  
Nor scorn one pearly tear to shed;  
For Virtue, tender, tho' severe,  
May give to Misery a tear:  
Pity by thee so graceful worn,  
Shall teach the Flow'rets all to mourn.

So



So bright the Sun, the Morn so fair,  
So fresh, so fragrant breathes the Air,  
What Demon of the dusky Night,  
Pollutes the pure, the purple Light?  
Detested Spoiler, hence, avaunt ;—  
Hie thee to some infernal haunt ;  
Some Cave in Ætna's burning side,  
Where Fiends might tremble to abide,  
And there, with Lust more hot than Hell,  
For ever be Thou doom'd to dwell.

E

Cease,

Cease, cease ye Warblers of the Grove,  
No more be heard the voice of Love;  
Hush'd be the music of the Spring;  
The Raven only knows to sing:  
From yon sequester'd Elm, his cry  
Bids Horror wake—and fix the eye  
On that pale Image, lost in woe,  
Which clasps the rugged stem below:  
The Tree no more shall foliage grace,  
Wither'd within her cold embrace.

Ill-fated Nymph! than whom was seen  
None fairer on the flow'ry green;  
So rudely spoil'd, thy charms no more  
The gazing Rustic shall adore;  
No more the faithful Shepherd's tale,  
In murmurs like the summer gale,  
His purer passion shall impart,  
And sooth to Love thy softening heart.  
Too tender heart!—alas that Heav'n  
Its share of Fortitude had giv'n!—  
But mark the frenzy-rolling eye;  
See the bright dagger rais'd on high:

Ah



Ah lovely Victim!—must it be?

Mercy delights to smile on Thee:

The Muse shall bid e'en sorrow cease,

And charm thee with the songs of peace:

Then spare, O spare that blooming breast—

She strikes,—she dies, and sinks to rest.

11 7 40

THE END.